THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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EDWARD and EGWINA.

A TALE.

Founded, in part, upon a circumſtance ſtated in the early Part of Engliſh Hiſtory.

IN proportion as refinement proceeds, gallantry increaſes. The reign of the illuſtrious Alfred was not more favourable to heroiſm and ſcience than to love. His ſon Edward poſſeſſed a large portion of his father's virtues; and while he ſat upon the throne cultivated thoſe arts which Alfred had encouraged. His heart was ſuſceptible of the tender paſſions, and of the power of beauty. In one of his excurſions he met with a lovely ſhepherdeſs, named Egwina. The prince was captivated with her charms. Honour governed his actions, and ſubjected his deſires to the controul of virtue. He wiſhed to exalt her ſituation, and not to debaſe her innocence. In ſhort he wiſhed her for his Queen. But this ſeemed impoſſible. He returned dejected to his palace; he regretted that high rank, which ſtood as a bar to his happineſs. He conſulted his favourite friend and miniſter; he urged the beauty, the virtue, the genius of Egwina; but all in vain. The reply was, that policy required him to ſeek a union with ſome exalted character, allied to a powerful and wealthy prince; and that if he were to place a ſhepherdeſs on the throne his nobility would be diſguſted, quit his court, and probably proceed by open violence to reſent the ſuppoſed inſult to their dignity. The prince admitted that what was ſaid was too likely to be the fact, and reprobated that pride which deemed an alliance with indigent and untitled virtue diſgraceful, but he knew the prejudices of his nobility were unconquerable. He ſubmitted repining and reluctantly to his fate. He frequently viſited the ſhepherdeſs, and her converſation was his greateſt delight. There was ſomewhat myſterious to him in her deportment and accompliſhments. She poſſeſſed the ſtricteſt appearance of innocence without the leaſt embarraſſment. Though plainly attired, ſhe ſtepped with ſuperior grace, and in every action exhibited courtly propriety and eaſe. Though her obſervations were chiefly upon her flocks and rural buſineſs, yet ſhe would occaſionally ſurpriſe the prince with remarks upon aſtronomy, hiſtory, morals, and agriculture, which beſpoke a mind informed above the common level. Thus engaging, it was not to be wondered at that every additional viſit increaſed the admiration and aſtoniſhment of the enamoured Edward. His paſſion grew ſtronger every moment. His dignity was his torture; his friends and flatterers tried in vain to divert his thoughts or alleviate his diſtreſs. The greateſt beauties of his palace courted his ſmiles without effect. Their charms ſerved but to remind him of the ſuperior ones of his beloved Egwina. Nothing induced him to retain exiſtence but the trying taſk of parting perhaps for ever from his captivating ſhepherdeſs. He often thought to aſk her for the ſtory of her life, but dreaded that the narration would but confirm his miſery. Upon one of his viſits he miſſed her at the accuſtomed ſpot, but found a venerable old man attending on her ſheep. The prince enquired eagerly for Egwina, and was informed that ſhe was at a neighbouring cottage. She had acquainted her father that ſhe had a viſitor when keeping her flocks in the fields, and from her deſcription, the old man conceived the prince to be the perſon, and accordingly invited him to their habitation. Edward for a while threw off his courtly ceremony, and accepted of the invitation. He went on with ſorrowing ſteps, and yet would not have ſtaid behind. The ſight of the cottage damped him, but that of its fair tenant cheared his ſpirits. He found in the place neatneſs and rural elegance. He would gladly have parted with his dignity and power. He would have been happy to have changed his ſceptre for a ſhepherd's crook, and his ſplendid palaces for this humble reſidence. He was courted to refreſh himſelf, but though the table was ſpread with healthful ruſtic dainties, he could not partake of the feaſt. Egwina's charms and converſation were his regalement. He derived momentary comfort from the cauſe of his permanent miſery. The old man apologized for the homelineſs of his fare, imagining that to occaſion the abſtinence of his gueſt; and ſaid, "that once he could have entertained him better, but now he had little more to offer than a hearty welcome." At theſe words the hopes of the prince were raiſed, his attention was fixed to the ſtory of their fortunes, which he begged the father to relate. The old man proceeded thus: "I formerly was Earl of Morcar. Our family was of Royal deſcent, and my poſſeſſion in lands, flocks, and herds, exceedingly extenſive and valuable. I lived in becoming ſplendor, honoured by my illuſtrious and royal maſter Alfred, juſtly ſtyled the great. I was beloved by my neighbours, and happy in my family. My eſtate was ſituated on the borders of the Scottiſh lands, and frequently invaded by the Highland plunderers. For a long time my tenants and ſervants bravely repelled their attacks; but at length increaſing in their numbers we were overpowered. They ſpoiled and ravaged all our lands, and drove away our flocks and herds, ſave a ſmall portion with which I hither flew to find ſecurity. Here have I ſince lived, ſuppreſſed my title, and paſſed myſelf for a poor old ſhepherd, this my humble but affectionate daughter, the comfort and ſupport of my declining years." The prince ſtruggled to conceal the ſweet emotions which he felt at this narration, and aſked the old man whether he had applied at court for ſuccour in his diſtreſs? His queſtion was anſwered thus, "No, my family conſiſting but of myſelf and young Egwina, and my deſires confined to narrow bounds, by the wiſe dictates of philoſophy, I thought it unjuſt to aſk of my country that ſupport which induſtry could procure, and thus deprive more uſeful ſubjects of their juſt reward." The prince admired the generous ſpirit of the venerable ſage, told him he had intereſt at court, that the king wiſhed to ſee him, and inſiſted that he and his daughter ſhould haſten thither; which journey after much heſitation they agreed to undertake. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the tranſports of young Edward on this occaſion. He flew back to his palace, eager to prepare for his expected and welcome viſitors. The ſcene was now changed from the moſt deep deſpondency to the moſt complete joy and felicity. At the appointed time the old ſhepherd and his fair daughter arrived at court, and having recovered their ſurpriſe, the king introduced them in their rural habits. Time and diſguiſe prevented the nobility from recollecting the Earl, and Egwina had never been ſeen in public. As companions of the prince the courtiers were obliged to receive them with civility; but their affected politeneſs could not conceal their abſolute contempt. The court broke up, and the king again engaged in converſation with the earl. He requeſted to know whence his daughter derived ſo much knowledge? to which the earl replied, "From my own poor ſtock; as ſhe was my ſole companion, I thought it my intereſt, as well as duty, to teach her every ſcience I knew. She had a comprehenſive mind, and eaſily received inſtruction."—In a few days the king aſſembled his courtiers again. He had previouſly adviſed with his counſellors on the propriety of a marriage with an earl's daughter of royal deſcent, and received a favourable anſwer. He then introduced the old man as earl of Morcar, and the ſhepherdeſs as his daughter Egwina. Shame ſeized the ungenerous nobility, but the kindneſs of the offended parties ſoon removed their embarraſſments. [illegible] between the king, the earl and his daughter, Edward now declared his intention of eſpouſing Egwina; and the ceremony was immediately performed. In a few days the coronation took place, and the royal ſhepherdeſs lived long, happy, and beloved, the queen of England. At her death univerſal grief prevailed. But the people of thoſe days lived for poſterity, not for themſelves, and were conſoled by the prophecy of a favourite prieſt (which had proved ſtrictly true) "That in future times a Charlotte ſhould ariſe, that would reſtore to the Engliſh throne the majeſtic virtues of Egwina."

EPITAPH,

ON THE TOMBSTONE OF A LADY WRITTEN BY HER HUSBAND.

LADIES, who chance to friſk this way,
With honeſt hearts, and ſpirits gay,
A ſerious moment give to one,
Who ſleeps beneath this earth and ſtone.
A better daughter never liv'd;
A better wife ne'er huſband griev'd:
To her the claims of kindred dear,
The tender orphan would ſhe rear;
Nor e'er did to the grave deſcend,
A more ſincere or faithful friend.
Think on her virtues, heave a ſigh,
That goodneſs ſuch as her's ſhould die!
And whether you be maid or wife,
Go imitate her former life;
And when to Heav'n you yield your breath,
May you, like her, have peace in death!

IT is as eaſy to deceive ourſelves without *our* perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without *their* perceiving it.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL COBLER.

CURIOSITY engaged me not long since to see a pompous procession. Struggling for some time, in order to be first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some one of the croud unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it in such a manner as utterly unqualified me to march forward with the main body. Thus rendered incapable of being a spectator of the shew myself, I was at length willing to observe the spectators, when my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen. A cobler sat in his stall by the way side, and continued to work, while the croud passed by, without the appearance of the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention excited mine; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophical cobler on this occasion. Perceiving my business therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it. "How, my friend," said I to him, "can you continue to work while all these fine things are passing by your door?" "Very fine they are, master," said the cobler, "for those that like them, to be sure; but what are those fine things to me? You don't know what it is to be a cobler, and so much the better for yourself: your bread is baked; you may go and see sights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night: but for me, if I should run a hunting after all those fine folks, what should I get by my journey but an appetite? And, Heaven help me, I have enough of that already, without leaving my work to get it. No, master, as God has called me into the world to mend old shoes, I have no business with fine folks, and they no business with me. See this last and hammer, they are the two best friends I have in this world: Nobody else will be my friend, because I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass by just now, have five hundred friends, because they have no occasion for them. Now while I stick to my good friends here, I am contented; but whenever I run after sights and fine things, I begin to hate my work. I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes any longer.

"I have lived a wandering life now fifty-five years, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing." "You have been a traveller then, I presume," said I. "I can't boast of travelling," continued he; "for I have never left the parish in which I was born but three times in my life, that I can remember; but then there is not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in at some time or another. When I began to settle, and take to my business in one street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has removed me, perhaps a whole mile, away from my former customers; while some more lucky cobler would come into my place, and make a handsome fortune among friends of my making: There was one who actually died in a stall that I had left, worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waistband of his breeches."

I could not but smile at these migrations, and continued to ask if he had ever been married? "Aye, that I have, master," replied he, "for sixteen long years; and a weary life I had of it, Heaven knows. My wife took it into her head, that the only way to thrive in this world, was to save money; so, all that ever she could lay her hands upon she used to hide away from me, though we were obliged to starve the whole week after it. The first three years we used to quarrel about this every day, and I always got the better; but she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide as usual: so that at last I was tired of quarrelling and getting the better; and she scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to death. Her conduct drove me at last, in despair, to the alehouse: Here I used to sit with persons who hated home, like myself, drank while I had money left, and run in score when any body would trust me; till at last, my landlady coming one day with a long bill when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I searched the whole stall, after she was dead, for money; but she had hidden it so secretly, that with all my pains I could never find a farthing."

By this time my shoe was mended; and satisfying the poor artist for his work, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded, by communicating it to a friend.

THE COUNTRY BURIAL.

IT was an evening, in the month of April; a still rain descended from the sky, and a brisk wind blew over the fields; the church of Arrow—near Alcester, in Warwickshire—appeared at a distance; its spire glittering with the reflection of the sunbeams half hid behind the clouds. "How beautiful, (said I) is this pictured, and how sweetly does nature sometimes invite the mind to contemplation!"

All was calm and tranquil; my bosom felt the principle of good, asserting the Deity, and bestowing peace.

I was wrapt in reflection, till I was disturbed by the distant sounds of a sweet and plaintive song.—I turned about; and beheld from the adjoining close, a party of men bearing a corpse, and singing a grateful hymn to the memory of their departed friend. The mourners followed: a scattered few; their garments blown out with the wind, and in disorder. I observed no pageants or atchievements.

They approached nearer. The chief mourner was a young man: unaffected sorrow shed fast the tears of tribute for a brother's loss; but mild Resignation and Religion permitted no extravagance of grief.

The next was a beautiful young woman; who followed measuring her footsteps with a dejection that made her still more lovely; an angel's mind seemed to give expression to an angel's face: she mourned incessantly; but her tears fell gently as the summer's shower on beds of roses.

An older couple followed; the hearty emblems of a well-spent life; furrowed with age, but not disease.

"Who are these people!" thought I following them to the church yard. We were met by the curate, a tall thin man, in whose countenance gentleness and dignity were blended. All was silent, while he pronounced the last address to departed worth.

The earth was thrown over; while some of the party, according to ancient custom, strewed the grave with flowers.

Would that some Atheist had been present at this moment! what would he have thought of Religion, had he seen with how much sweetness she resigns her children, in full confidence and hope to the Almighty's love and mercy?

I enquired who it was that had deserved these funeral honors. It was the humble Acasto.

"Farewel, then! (said I) for thou art blest in the mediation of a Saviour, who will have little else to do, than to present the scroll of thy gentle virtues to the God of Mercy, and place thee among the happy."

MAXIM.

WHAT seems to be generosity, is often no more than disguised ambition; which overlooks little interests, in order to gratify great ones.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

SOLUTION.

To the Enigma in the Minerva of the 14th inst.

THAT which is neither animal, vegitable, nor mineral; of neither sex, yet between both, is MARRIAGE; it is seldom given to persons under four, or over six feet; and is recorded in the old Testament, and recommended in the new.

E——

A TRADESMAN's REFLECTION.

(A parody.)

ADDRESSED TO OLD ENGLAND.

CURS'D as a beggar's dog is he
The unlucky wight that trades with thee.
Who still our hearts in bondage hold.
Slyly bought and poorly sold.

'Twas this that robb'd *our* ships of freight,
And caus'd such grumblings in the state;
For 'ere we well could count the cost,
Our cash *was* gone; our credit lost.

My girls grew vain—their dress and show
Alas! soon brought my pockets low;
With foreign silks their shoes were bound;
The news went *all* the country round.

With constant duns my doors were vext,
My house with sheriffs was perplext,
My barber's bill I could not pay,
I blunder'd—broke—and ran away.

SKETCHES.

——— I AM a Man,
So weary'd by misfortunes—tugg'd by fate,
That life seems almost insupportable.——

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burthen more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O Life! thou art a galling load
A long, a rough, and weary road,
To wretches such as I.

Pale Melancholy's weeping child am I,
Rear'd up in stern Misfortune's rugged school;
Am bow'd to earth beneath her iron rule,—
But still alive to waking Sympathy.

ANECDOTES.

TWO Englishmen were disputing about the Moon, one insisting it was an inhabited element, the other contending with him, a Yankee standing by attended to their discourse, replies with confidence it is not: One of the gentlemen being a little displeased with his interference with a look of disdain, says, How do you know sir? How do I know sir? (replied the Yankee) because if it had been, the British would have had the folly and presumption to have laid siege to it long before this time.

WHEN Voltaire arrived at Paris an interview took place between him and Franklin. After the first compliments, which by the way were more adulative than comported with the character of an American, and above all of a stern Republican, the doctor presented his grandson to Voltaire, in soliciting from him his blessing. The philosopher of impiety, relished the pleasantry; and to render the farce compleat, he rose from his chair, and with a patriarchal air, laid his hands on the head of the child, and solemnly pronounced, in a loud voice, these three words: *God*, *Liberty*, and *Toleration*. All the pious were shocked at the American, who, they said, burlesqued religion in asking the blessing of Voltaire.

Philadelphia, *Nov.* 21.

Mr. *Madiſon* of the Houſe of Repreſentatives, and Mr. *Langdon*, of the Senate of the United States, have arrived in town.

We learn from Cape Francois, that all is very peaceable in that quarter. On many plantations the negroes are at work as formerly. Jean Francois having heard of his being demanded by the Convention to undergo his trial has taken refuge in the mountains of St. Suzanne, whither he has tranſported a conſiderable train of artillery, and has ſtrongly entrenched himſelf.

Extract of a letter from a merchant in Belfaſt to his friend in Philadelphia, received by the ſchooner Mary, Captain Webb, dated 23d September 1795.

This moment the packets from London mention the acceptance of the conſtitution, and of the decree of re-election by a majority of the departments which had made returns. We ſtill here entertain hopes the decree of re-election may be rejected as it ſeems adverſe to the will of the people and to the principles of true repreſentative government.

Twenty-five thouſand troops have juſt been embarked for the Weſt-Indies from England, and conſidering the ſeaſon will perhaps ſurvive the effects of climate, and become a ſacrifice to the vices of tyranny from the ſword of the defenders of the Iſlands.

We have read the Treaty negociated by Mr. *Jay* with amaze: If we, or if our papers are ſilent on that ſubject, aſcribe it neither to *ignorance or indifference: We know our intereſts, we know ſomething of commerce, and America now contains many dear to our heart.* Accuſtomed to hear popular government reviled, we have found heretofore a happy *illuſtration* of its practicability and advantages in referring to that country.—We ſhall expect, *the voice of the people and of their honeſt repreſentatives* will not give us cauſe to be aſhamed.

Cromwell, bad as he was, vindicated the honour and intereſt of his country againſt the ambition of Louis. If the Preſident, blind to his own fame, ſhould join the *Tories* in ſacrificing yours, there is hope from this quarter.

Ah! how dangerous it is to entruſt man with power: a Preſident with *regal powers*, as Godwin juſtly remarks, is but a king under another name.

The French conſtitution is not perhaps *perfect*; but it ſeems as far to excel yours as yours does the incongruous, monſtrous, Britiſh mongrel.

The French have refuſed a ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities to the Emperor pending negociations.

NORFOLK, Nov. 9.

On Thurſday a ſloop from Martinique came into the Roads in a diſtreſſed ſituation; the Captain and two of the hands lying ſick of the yellow fever; we are told that the Captain died on Friday morning.

NEW-YORK, November 18.

NARRATIVE.

I Abiel Briggs, ſailed from Port-au Prince on the 4th of October as mate of the ſchooner Harmleſs of Boſton, bound to Boſton, commanded by George Lemett: the 5th day after ſailing, loſt two men of a fever, and the captain taken ſick, who died the 21ſt of October, leaving me one man, and a boy: the man and boy both ſick, and no perſon on board the veſſel in this perilous ſituation, but myſelf to navigate her, for 8 days. In lat. 34, 42, long. 74, 30, ſpoke captain Lathrop, of New-London, who lent me one man to aſſiſt in working the veſſel for which I return him thanks; kept company with captain Lathrop until bad weather obliged us to part, after beating nine days off Charleſton, bore away for New-York, where I arrived the 12th of November, with my main-maſt ſprung. In lat. 37, 16, long. 72, 30, ſpoke the brig Six Brothers of Salem, Robert Selden, maſter, from the Canaries bound to Baltimore, out 50 days. Off Cape-Henlopen was boarded by the boat of a Bermudian privateer, and after a ſhort examination was ordered to make the beſt of my way into port.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 14.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Preſqu'iſle, to his friend in this town, dated October 30, 1795.

"The ſecretary of Governor Simcoe, Mr. Tickell, has been here on buſineſs with Captain Biſſel. He left this place on the morning of the 10th inſt. and on the 13th was overtaken by a violent ſtorm on the lake, he tried a long time to ride off the land, but in vain, the boat was driven into an extenſive marſhy ſwamp, three miles on this ſide Buffaloe creek. Mr. Tickell, with one man, left the boat, intending to make Buffaloe creek by land, but the great fatigue he underwent in getting out of the ſwamp and before they got to a riſing ground where they intended to refreſh themſelves, had overcome him ſo much, that he expired in leſs than two hours. His body was the next day taken to Navy Hall. This intelligence you may depend on, as I have it from Niagara by the laſt boats."

We are informed, that owing to the ſickneſs among the troops and artificers at Preſqu' iſle the fortifications are not in ſuch forwardneſs as might reaſonably have been expected. Two block houſes, picketed in are in a fair way of being completed.

ISLAND-MAGEE, Sept. 12.

On Sunday laſt there was an inſtructive ſermon preached here, by the Rev. Mr. *M'Cary*, which a numerous concourſe of people from different parishes, and of [illegible]

deſigned to eraſe the remaining veſtiges of moderance and bigotry, and to erect in their ſtead, mutual forbearance and unlimitted charity; to replace perſecution with brotherly love, and ſelfiſh indifference with diſintereſted humanity. The becoming reſpect that was evinced fully compleated the deſign; the very old wives forgetting traditionary prejudices ſhook their heads and exclaimed "*Every aen to their ain way, and we to our's.*" He warmly and repeatedly enforced what would appear obvious enough not to require illuſtration, did not the extreme prevalence of party ſpirit evince the contrary that from purity of principles, unity of affection and community of intereſts, alone, proceed proſperity.

Ah! would our clergy of every denomination begin, how eaſily might they complete the union of our diſtracted country!—a ſcene of deluſion, where dupes ſee half, and ſpies ſee double—a 'den of thieves,' where the induſtrious only fall, and the idle and luxurious divide their property—an uncomfortable priſon, from whence the deſpairing native is fain to eſcape, to meet death in a far diſtant hoſtile field.

Begin then ye ſacred men! ye profeſs'd delegates of God? begin in earneſt to recommend 'peace to earth and good will to men.' If ye believe it, teach your hearers that 'whoſoever hateth his brother, is a murderer;' and that they are only the betraying, diſſembling diſciples of Jeſus, 'who love not one another.' Like honeſt men, make this your conſtant employment, and the heartfelt happineſs of having forded, and taught the bewildered wanderer to ford, the narrow, ſhallow ſtream of fanatical prejudices, will (as it is to Mr. *M'Cary*) be your beſt bounty.

Hymeneal Court.

MARRIED,

—On Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Thomas Uſtick, Mr. THOMAS RIGDEN, to Miſs CATHARINE LE DRUE.

—On Thurſday laſt, at Germantown, by the Rev. Mr. Harman, Mr. ANTHONY VAN MANNIERCK, to Mrs. ANN WOOD, both of this city.

Y. preſents his compliments to Meſſrs. WOODRUFF and PECHIN, and would be glad that they would NOT publiſh his piece, as it was not done laſt week—upon conſideration, he thinks, with you, that it is too fanatical, and had better be ſuppreſſed—Tho' the author has ſufficient reaſon, from a certain lady in this city, to whom he has for years paid his addreſſes, to publiſh ſomething more pointed than that—yet, upon further conſideration, he thinks it beſt to be ſilent.

PROPOSALS,

By WOODRUFF *&* PECHIN,

For Printing, by Subſcription,

A Geographical, Commercial, and Philoſophical

VIEW

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

COMPREHENDING,

A Deſcription of their Extent, Civil Diviſions, Chief Towns, Climates, Curioſities, Soils, Mountains, Lakes, Rivers, Springs, and Iſlands; Natural Hiſtory, Production, Population, Character, Government, Provincial Conſtitutions, Courts of Juſtice, Religion, Agriculture, Commerce, and Hiſtory; copious and intereſting Accounts of the late War; general and particular Deſcription of the Weſtern Territory, including all that is important to thoſe who are about to purchaſe and ſettle in that, or any other Part of the United States.

ALSO RECEIVED,

A General Account of the Diſcovery of America, by Columbus;

A CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF AMERICA,

And the numerous Tribes of American Indians—their Manners, Cuſtoms, &c. &c.

IN THE WORK IS ALSO INCLUDED,

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SPANISH, FRENCH, AND DUTCH POSSESSIONS IN AMERICA, AND THE WEST-INDIA ISLANDS;

Illuſtrated with large Maps, Charts, and Plates, including an extenſive Number of elegant and accurate Repreſentations of the moſt remarable Quadrupeds, Birds, Fiſhes, Reptiles, &c. peculiar to the American Continent. Compiled from the beſt and moſt recent Authorities, and original and authentic Communications.

By the Rev. *W. WINTERBOTHAM.*

CONDITIONS.

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Court of Apollo.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

DESPONDENCE.

——IBI HÆC INCONDITA SOLUS
MONTIBUS ET SYLVIS STUDIO JACTABAT INANI.
Virg.

IN solemn night heav'ns crimson glories fade,
And darksome mists involve her dewy shrine;
Soft breezes visit the responsive shade,
Where mystic wilds their pensive wreathes intwine.

This maze tenebrious, wrapt in airy sleep,
Excursive fancy's mazy fabric rears:
Deep folding yew, desponding cypress weep,
Whose dewy foliage drops pellucid tears.

But clust'ring shades in darksome umbrage spread,
No tranquil vision's fleeting forms inspire:
From me the beams of radiant peace are fled,
And festive nature's vivid charms retire.

No genial hope can prompt illusive dreams—
No dasied lawns infuse their downy rest;
Nor nightly music of romantic streams,
Efface this wild despondence from my breast.

There dark illusions and despair must dwell,
Till poignant grief's profusive torrents cease—
Till heav'n in smiles the envious gloom dispel,
And lull despondence in eternal peace!

S——.

THE VOWS OF LOVE.

SWEET is the summer's musky breath,
That lightly sweeps the flow'ry heath;
Sweet is the song young nature chants,
In love-lorn youth's romantic haunts;
Sweet is the lay from her couch of green;
And sweet at day's delightful dawn
The fresh rose-bud upon its thorn.
But tho' so sweet the various flow'rs
That flount in spring's embroider'd bow'rs,
Or richly scent the summer grove,
Yet sweeter is the Vows of Love.

But with the flow'rs the fickle gale
Shall quickly leave the blooming vale;
The woodland song shall cease its charms,
When nature sinks in winter's arms.
And when the cold north chills the sky
The cowslip on her stem shall die,
And shrinking from the first keen blast
To earth the lovely rose be cast;
So transient, tho' so sweet shall prove,
Ye trusting maids—the Vows of Love.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

ON GLUTTONY.

By the author of "Observations *and* Reflections *on* Slavery."

GLUTTONY is defined "Excess of eating." It would however, be an erroneous conclusion to suppose from this definition, that all hearty eaters were gluttons, as nature has formed some people with uncommon digestive powers. Nor are those who were originally formed with equal capacities of stomach, always on a par when their abilities are brought into practice. This has been frequently proved to the disgrace of many a vain pretender to the honours of the Trencher, as well as disappointment of some honest well meaning people, who mistook their own faculties. Exercise, frequently enables those of but moderate qualifications to surpass the indolent though favoured with warmer stomachs. Hence it happens that countrymen exposed to a rugged and active life are generally superior at table, to effeminate citizens; and yet gluttony is more common in large cities than any where else. To verify this last assertion, it is only necessary to advert to the numerous clubs established in most great towns, solely for the purpose of promoting excessive repletion while the country scarcely affords a single instance of so laudable an institution, and yet there are people in the world, so contracted in their minds as to estimate this difference in favour of the country. But the sentiments, or opinions of those whose obtuse sapor would make little distinction between an oyster-pye, and an apple-pye, should, methinks, have very little weight among men of understanding. Plain roasted and boiled every body knows is sufficient in the country; but a man whose knowledge in eating is limited to such homely fare, should at least be modest when in company with those who are acquainted with the whole Encyclopedia of culinary science, lest his presumption should expose him to the contempt and ridicule of his betters.

It is moreover necessary to observe, for the information of the ignorant, that a knowledge of the theory and practice of preparing a feast, however great and various the abilities it requires, is yet of itself insufficient to fix a gentleman's character as a man of refined understanding and taste; it is also necessary that he does justice to the board, that is, eats with a voracity and perseverance that would astonish any but a real adept in the education.

Yet it must be acknowledged all are not proficients but as, among those addicted to other arts and sciences, so among the brethren of the Trencher, there are many gradations from him who complains of hunger after devouring a turkey to the puny pretender who can hardly swallow a chicken. And when considered in this point of view, where the most necessary of all arts is taught by able professors. Not indeed by cold and unavailing precepts but by the most animating examples; and where there is perhaps as much emulation, and as much ambition of rising into eminence, as in any other seminary whatever.

As an instance of this laudable desire of distinction we need only advert to a recent affair that happened on occasion of electing a successor to a president of an Eating Club in the city who had unfortunately burst himself in endeavouring to sustain the honor of the chair. The candidates of the highest pretensions to the chair were Tom Tallow *a butcher, and* Senacherib Suds *a soap boiler. Tom was of a short stature but enormous girth, blubber cheeks and unconquerable digestion, his tempor was cheerful and laughter was his constant companion, except in the short but gloomy intervals of eating.*

Senacherib was tall, gaunt, grim and ghastly, a black curled beard shaded his face, but nothing was ever known to relax his muscles but the magical words, "Dinner on the table exactly at two." *His great abilities and serious turn for business when seated put him on a par with his antagonist, divided the club and produced a double election. The fat and jolly remained with* Tom, *but all the relations of* Pharoah's lean kind *departed with* Senacherib. *From one extreme to fly to another is common enough; friendship was lost in emulation and various skirmishes ensued as any of the parties happened to meet on convivial occasions; but as those efforts of skill were cautiously confined to soups and other light food; nothing decisive ensued.*

At length it was proposed to those mighty chiefs that as they had subdued all other rivals they had better divide the honors of victory, put an end to fraternal discord and serve alternately as presidents in future. But mark how constantly ambition attends on men of abilities, like Pompey and Cæsar; *one could bear no superior nor the other an equal; so both inclined again to hazard their laurels. Mutual provocations widened the breach, till at length the rubicon is passed, the gauntlets are thrown, and the heroes determined to decide the dispute in single combat.*

Great preparations are making in consequence of the approaching decision of so important an affair. In the mean time bets run high, one and a half to one on Senacherib *is the constant cry among a legion of vagrant pretenders to the trencher, but who in reality are nothing better than simple pudding eaters, who have abandoned all business and roam the streets in a famished condition being barely kept alive by anticipation of the approaching feast.*

The feast however, is unhappily suspended by the difficulty of fixing on the kind of food to be devoured, Tom *loves* beef, Senacherib, mutton. *Pork is of so easy digestion as to be held in utter contempt by them both. In the mean time an acquaintance of mine who attended the affair so closely that his family is a little pinched as he says, requested me to lend him a crown, and assured me that out of mere friendship he would let me into a valuable secret, which after fastening the door he thus imparted in a whisper: "My dear sir, we all know you are of* Tom's *side and can keep a secret, rely on me, and your fortune is made. There is* Ishmael *the* Jew, *has turned tail and betrayed* Senacherib's *gravity, his external dimentions we knew before; from these two principles we easily deduce his vacuity, or room for stowage; Ish swears it was not the guinea we gave him, but his secret love to* Tom *and his* friends *that brought him over.* Senacherib *it seems to the mortification of his party, proves more solid than they expected, while honest* Tom *has been so often, and so dreadfully strained that he exactly resembles a full blown bladder; he gravely concluded by observing that as the tie in deciding the matter must still [illegible] thought he had better take the other crown.—I shall just observe on this weighty subject, that after having exhibited these few favourable specimens of the genius and peculiar turn of* Gluttons, *truth obliges me to confess, that as there are no class of men, who have a better opinion of themselves, so there are none so contracted in their ideas of excellence in general. Most of them seem really to believe, that not only their own, but the importance of every body else, is the result of the quantity, combined with the quality, of the food they eat: Nor is it very strange that among people of a similar taste constantly associating together without any view to mental improvement, a contracted identity of sentiments should be found, or that mutual flattery should produce general vanity.*

ANECDOTE.

A Child being lately taken to Church to be baptized, was so much disconcerted at the Minister's sprinkling his face, that he interrupted him by exclaiming, "have done! I won't play!"

French Language.

MR. BARTHELEMY, in addition to his Private Tuition, has opened a SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, where French is taught in its just pronunciation, and grammatical construction as usual. The hours of attendance are from 11 to 1 o'clock P. M. on every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. For further particulars, applicants of a good education, only, may call at No. 80, Dock-street.